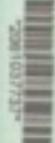


female passengers. He immediately noticed a woman as she sat down with a group of friends. His eyes caught hers. She was without a doubt attractive, but that wasn't what stopped him. It was the way she shyly looked around the room. She really didn't know how attractive she was. And that intrigued him.

During his break, he approached her but stopped suddenly when he noticed her chatting animatedly with another man. Was it her boyfriend? Her husband? Normally, he wouldn't care. There would always be others...but there was something different about tonight. It was as if the ship's changing course was shifting his carefree attitude. He wanted to know this woman...really know her. And not just for the sake of a silly romantic conquest. He chatted with the pair briefly...but left only knowing that their names were Monica and Robert. Later that night he sneaked into the office that housed the passengers' records and was dismayed to discover that she was sharing a cabin with Robert. He was truly puzzled by how much it bothered him.



When the ship docked the next morning, he resolved to forget about Monica and get in a little jet skiing. As a connoisseur of the Caribbean, even he was dazzled by Pleasure Island's sheer beauty. The brilliance of the blue water coupled with endless azure skies appealed to his jaded senses, causing him to stop and savor the moment. As he was taking it all in, he spotted Monica. He headed over to her and boldly laid his towel down next to hers. The attraction was immediate. Like the attraction so often described in those love songs he played endlessly on the ship. The very songs he had cynically dismissed as silly...until now. It was as if this island had a magnetic hold over his thoughts and was forcing him to reexamine his attitudes toward life and love.

They spent a glorious day together on Pleasure Island, while Robert was off on a catamaran. She listened intently while he shared his innermost